

The Wicked Raven

दुश्ट मंडकावळो



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Once upon a time there lived a pigeon and a raven, who were friends. They lived in a huge banyan tree on the outskirts of a village in southern India.

It was winter, the two birds were hungry and could not find any food.

खूब आदली गजाल. एक आसलो पारवो आनी एक आसलो मंडकावळो. दोगीं बरे दोस्त जावन आसले. दक्षिण भारताचे एका गांवाचे भायर आशिले व्हड वटवृक्षाचेर ते आपलें घर करुन आसले.

थंडीचे दिवस. दोनीय पक्षींक खावपाक कांयच मेळू नासलें..... देखून खूब भुकेल्ले.





One day, the raven said, “Friend, let us go to the next village. I'm sure we will get food there.”

The pigeon agreed and so the next morning, the two friends set off on their journey.

एक दिवस मंडकावळ्यान म्हळें “दोस्ता, चल. आमी खंयतरी दुसरे गांवाक वचुंयां. हांगा बसल्यार कांय मेळपाक ना. त्या गांवांत आमकां निश्चित किदेंय तरी मेळत.”

दोस्ताले उतराक पारव्यान मान हालयली; आनी हेरदिवस दोगीं दुसरे गांवाक वचपाक भायर सरले.

On their way, they saw a man carrying a pot full of fresh thick curd to sell in the market.

Their mouths watered and they wished they could have some of it and so they followed the man. After a while the man stopped to rest under a tree.

वेताना वाटेर एकटो मनीस मात्यार एक मडकी धरून चलत आसा. त्या मडकेंत ताजें घट्ट धंय आसा. तें विकपा खातीर तो वेतालो.

हें पळोवन दोगाचे तोंडांत उदक सुटलें. व्हा! हें ताजें घट्ट धंय खावपा मेळ्यार काय बरे जातलें! तांणी चिंतलें. आनी दोगीं त्या मनशाले बोडा वयर वयरच उडचाक लागले. थोडें पयस चलतां चलतां तो मनीस थकलो आनी आराम करपाक एक रुखा पोंदा बसलो.





**He put his pot down and lay down beside it.
The raven and the pigeon were also tired and
so they sat on a nearby tree.**

**The raven looked at the curd and said,
“Friend, this is our chance. We must eat
some curd now.”**

तांणे तो धंयाचो मडको रुखा सकयल दवरलो आनी
थंयच मातशे आडसरलो. मंडकावळो आनी पारवोय
लागसरचे रुखार बसले.

मंडकावळयान धंय पळोवन म्हळें “दोस्ता, होच बरो
दैवयोग आसा..... हो कशीं न्हिदला. आमी आत्तांच
थोडें धंय खावपा जाय.”

The pigeon said, “How can we do that friend?”

The raven laughed and said, “Its easy! Just watch me.”

He then swooped down to the pot, filled his beak with curd and flew up again. He loved the taste of the fresh curd and so swooped down again and again.

पारव्यान म्हळें “बाबारे आमी तें कशीं करपा जाता?”

मंडकावळो हांसलो आनी “एहं..... हें कितलें सोपें! म्हाका पळय.....” अशीं म्हणत छक् करुन त्या मडकी वयर झोपय मारली, चोंचभर धंय भरून रुखार आयलो.

ताका ताजें ताजें थंड आनी घट्ट धंय रुचीक लागलें. देखून तो परतून परतून सकयल झोपय मारपाक लागलो.





Soon, the man woke up and resumed his journey.

The pigeon said, “Don't try taking any more curd friend, or you will be in trouble.”

थोडे वेळांत तो मनीस उठलो आनी आपलो मडको तकलीर दवरुन फुडेसरलो.

पारव्यान मंडकावळ्याक जाग्रताय सांगली..... “बाबारे आनी आनी धंय खावपाक वचूनाका..... तशें केल्यार त्रासांत पडटालो हां?”

The raven laughed and said, “Trouble! You are only saying that because you haven't been able to taste the curd! Go on try it! You won't be able to stop eating it either.”

मंडकावळो हांसलो आनी..... “किदें म्हळें तुंवे? त्रासांत पडटा? तुंवे धयांची रुच पळयलना. देखून तशीं उलयता चल एक फावट प्रयत्न कर..... एक फावट खाल्यार परत परत खायन अशें तुका भावतालें” म्हणपा लागलो.





“No thank you friend. You've had enough and it's wrong to steal,” said the pigeon.

“Ha! You're just a wimp. The man can't even see me as I'm flying above him!” said the raven.

पारव्यान म्हळें “आसूंदी दोस्ता, तुका देव बरें करूं.
म्हाका नाका. तूंचे चोरीन खूबच धंय खालां..... आनी
नाका. चोरी करप हें चुकीचें.”

मंडकावळो म्हणपा लागलो “वाह! बरो भिजूड मुरे तूं!
जर हांव आता ताजे माथ्या वयर उडत रावतां ताचे
दृश्टी सुद्धां पडना हांव.”

So, the raven did not heed the pigeon's warnings and continued to eat the curd.

Soon the man reached the market. He put the pot down and was shocked to find the pot half empty!

पारव्यान कितली जाग्रताय सांगली तरी कावळयान
कानार घेतलीच ना. तो परतून परतून मडकीक झोपय
मारतालो आनी धंय खातालो.

तो मनीस वेगीन वेगीन चलत बाजारांत पावलो.
माथ्यावयलो मडको सकयल देंवयलो, तर किदें
पळयता? धंय फक्त अर्धच आसा! हें पळोवन ताका
आघात जालो.





He looked around to see who had stolen his curd and saw the raven with his beak white with curd.

The man shouted, “You wicked raven, I'll get you for stealing my curd!”

हैं धंय इतलें कोणे खालें व्हय म्हण ताणे ह्या वाटेन त्या वाटेन नदर फिरायली. तेन्ना ताका ह्या काळे कावळ्याचे चोंचेक धवें धंय लागीलें दिसलें.

“दुश्ट मंडकावळ्या..... तूवे म्हजें धंय चोरुन खालें? राव रुका आतां सोडीना.....” म्हण आड्डलो.

He picked up a big stone and flung it at the raven. The raven dodged the stone but the pigeon could not get away in time.

It hit the poor pigeon and he fell to the ground and was badly injured.

तांणे हातांत एक फातरागुंडो घेतलो आनी कावळ्याक 'रोंय्' करुन मारलो. कावळो चटकन् उडून गेलो पुणून पारवो बिचारो थंय च उरलो.

तो फातरा गुंडो वचून पारव्याक लागलो आनी मारलागून तो जमनीचेर पडलो.



The raven flew away not bothering to help his friend.

The poor pigeon lay in pain and said, “If only I had realized that having friends who are wicked is as harmful as being wicked oneself!”



दोस्ताली कांयीच काळजी न करता मंडकावळो उडून गेलो.

लाचार पारवो मात्र दुकीन वळवळत म्हणचा लागलो.....

“देवा दुश्ट मनशालो सहवास करप म्हळ्यार दुश्टच जावप ही गजाल म्हाका आदींच समजल्यार काय बरें आसलें!”



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